

The Land of Broken Promises

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A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

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CHAPTER XIX.

It was June and the windstorms which had swept in from the south-east died away. No more, as in the months that had passed, did the dust pillar rise from the dump of the Fortuna mill and go swirling up the canyon.

A great calm and heat settled over the parched land, and above the foggy wall of the Sierras the first thunder-caps of the rainy season rose up till they obscured the sky. Then, with a rush of conflicting winds, a sudden silence, and a crash of flickering light, the storm burst in triple fury and was gone as quickly as it had come.

So, while the rich landowners of the hot country sat idle and watched it grow, another storm gathered behind the distant Sierras; and, as only Indians could tell them to a false security, suddenly from the north came the sound of clashing rails of railroads cut, troops routed, and the whole border occupied by swarming rebels.

In a day the southern country was isolated and cut off from friends and while the hordes of Chihuahua Indians had fled to Agua Negra, the isolated Spanish "haciendados" came scuttling over more to Fortuna. There, at least, was an American town where the courage of the Anglo-Saxon would protect their women in extremity. And, it went came to word, it was better to pay ransom to red-flag generals than to fall victims to bandits and boot-boys.

As the bass roar of the great whistles reverberated over the hills Bud Hooker left his lonely camp almost gladly, and with his hard-won gold-dust rode beneath his belt, west galloping into town.

Not for three weeks—not since he received the wire from Phil and located the Eagle Tail mine—had he dared to leave his cabin. Hurries, outlaws and Mexican patrols had dropped in from day to day and eaten up most of his food, but none of them had caught him napping, and he had no intention that they should.

A conspiracy had sprung up to get rid of him, to bar his exit out of the country, and behind it was Aragon. But now, with the big whistles blowing, Aragon would have other concerns.

He had his wife and daughter, the beautiful Gracia, to hurry to the town, and perhaps the thought of being caught and held for ransom would deter him from stealing mines. He resolved Bud, and, dragging a reluctant pack-animal behind him, he came riding in for supplies.

At the store he bought flour and coffee and the other things which he needed most. As he was passing by the hotel Don Juan de Mio halted him for a moment, rushing out and thrusting a bundle of letters into his hands and hurrying back into the house, as if fearful of being detected in such an act of friendship.

Long before he had lost his partner Bud had decided that Don Juan was a schemer, a man who tried to be all things to all people—as a good hotel-keeper should—but now he altered his opinion a little, for the letters were from Phil. He read them over in the crowded plaza, to which the first refugees were just beginning to pour, and frowned as he skimmed through the last.

Of Gracia and vale protestations of devotion there was enough and to spare, but nothing about the mines. Only in the first one, written on the very day he had deserted, did he go to much as attempt an excuse for so precipitately abandoning their claim and his Mexican citizenship. Phil wrote:

"My mail was twice lost through head-quarters and looked over by Del Rio, as I know I would never receive the papers, even if they came. I hope you don't feel hard about it, partner. Gracia has to come out right away. I would have stayed with it, but it wasn't any use. And now, that I want to ask you something. When you come out, warn Gracia with you. Don't leave her at the mercy of Del Rio. I would warn myself if it wasn't sure death. Be quick about it. And I send you over.

The other letters were all like that, but nothing about the mines. And yet it was the mine that Bud was fighting for—that they had fought for from the first. The railroad was torn up now, and a fight with Gracia was hopeless, but it was just as well, for he never would abandon the Eagle Tail.

In two months, or three, when the rebels were whipped off, his papers might come. Then he could pay his taxes and transfer his title and consider the stealing of Gracia. But since he had seen her and touched her hand something held him back—A suddenly recollection—and he was glad that his only lay elsewhere. It was his girl now he would come down and get her anyway.

But she was not his girl and, gazing back grimly at the scuttling town and the hood that hid her from sight, he rode somberly down the road. After all there was nothing to get excited about—ever revolution in the country was lived up around Agua Negra and with four hundred soldiers to oppose them and artillery to shell their advances, it would be many a long day before they took that town.

Deceit about Agua Negra had taken before such attacks, but now it was protected by riflemen and machine guns set high on rock. And there were the Yaquis still scattered in Mexico. They alone could hold the town, if they made up their minds to do so. So resolved Hooker, mulling over the news that he had heard. But

he watched the ridge warily, for the weather was good for raiders.

A day passed, and then another, and the big whistle blew only for the chills; the loneliness of the hills oppressed him; he layed out at the quieting land. And then, like a lead after a shower, Amigo came padding into camp on the heels of a thunder-storm, his sandals lying on his lip and his big feet squeaking through the mud.

Across his shoulders he wore a gay serape, woven by some patient woman of his tribe; and in the belt beside Bud's pistol he carried a heavy knife, blacksmithed from a ten-inch file by some Yaqui blacksmith. All in all, he was a fine barbarian, but he looked good to the lonely Bud.

"Ola, Amigo!" he barked, stepping out from the adobe house where he had moved to avoid the rains; and Amigo answered with his honest smile which carried no hint of savagery or deceit.

Try as he would, Bud could not bring himself to think of his Yaqui as dangerous; and even when he banished the Indian's murderous bow-knife in his hands he regarded it with a smile. It was a heavy weapon, broad across the back, keen on one edge, and drawn to a point that was both sharp and strong. The hilt was wrapped with rawhides to hold the clutch of the hand.

"What do you do with that?" queried Hooker. "Chop wood? Skin deer?"

"Yes, chop wood!" answered Amigo, but he replaced it carefully in his belt.

He looked the adobe house over thoughtfully, listened long to the news of the border and of the rurales' raid on their camp, and retired to the rocks for the night. Even Bud never knew where he slept—somewhere up on the hillsides—in caves or clefts in the rocks—and not even the most pressing invitation could make him leave the house for a night. To Amigo, no to an Indian, a house was a trap and he knew that the times were treacherous.

So indeed they were, as Hooker was to learn to his sorrow, and but for the Yaqui and his murderous knife he might easily have learned it too late.

It was evening, after rainless day, and Bud was cooking by the open fire, when suddenly Amigo vanished and four men rode in from above. They were armed with rifles, as befit the times, but gave no signs of rustling bravado, and after a few words Bud realized them to get down and eat.

"Muchas gracias, senor," said the leader, dismounting and laying his rifle against a log, "we are hungry."

"Then have some coffee," invited Hooker, who made it a point to feed everyone who stopped, regardless of their merits; and once more the Mexican declined. At this Bud looked at him sharply, for his refusal did not augur well, and it struck him the man's face was familiar. He was tall for a Mexican and heavily built, but with a rather sinewy cast of countenance.

"Where have I seen you before?" asked Bud, after trying in vain to place him. "In Fortuna?"

"No, senor," answered the Mexican politely. "I have never been in that city. Is it far?"

"Ten miles by the trail," responded Hooker, by no means reassured, and under pretext of hauling them to eat, he took a look at the other men. If they had not stopped to eat, what then was their errand while the sun was sinking low? And why this sudden refusal of the coffee which every Mexican drinks?

Bud stepped into the house, as if on an errand, and watched them disappear from the interior. Seeing their exchange glances then he leaned his rifle just inside the door and went about his cooking.

It was one of the chances he took, living out in the brush, but he had come to know this low-browed type of bandit all too well and had small respect for their courage. In case of trouble Amigo was close by in the rocks somewhere, probably with his gun in his hand—but with a little patience and circumpection the unscrupulous visitors would doubtless move on.

So he thought, but instead they lingered, and when supper was cooked he decided to go to a show-down—and if they again refused to eat he would send them on their way.

"Ten amigos," he said, spreading out the tin plates for them. "Come and eat!"

The three low-drowses glared at their leader, who had done what little talking there was so far, and, with a sudden animation, he immediately rose to his feet.

"Many thanks, senor," he said with a grinning and specious politeness. "We have come far and the trail is long, so we will eat. The times are hard for poor men now—this traitor, Madero, has made us all hungry. It is by him that we poor working men are driven to insurrection—but we know that the Angelicans are our friends. You, senor, I will take some of your beans, and thank you."

He filled a plate as he spoke and lifted a biscuit from the oven, containing with his false patois while the others fell to in silence.

"Perhaps you have heard, senor," he went on, "the saying which is in the land: Mexico trades, poor dinner; no day robbery, no blackmail. [Black mail, little money; no beans, long live Madero.]

"That is truth, is no jest to the

Mexican people. This man has betrayed us all; he has rotted the country and set brother against brother. And now, while we starve because the mines are shut down, he gathers his family about him in the city and lives fat on the money he has stolen."

He ran on in this style, after the fashion of the revolutionaries, and by the very commonplace of his fulminations Bud was thrown completely off his guard. That was the way they all talked, these worthless bandit-beggars—that and telling how they loved the Americans—and then, if they got a chance, they would stick a knife in your back.

He listened to the big man with a pollute tolerance, being careful not to turn his back, and ate a few bites as he waited, but though it was evident the Mexicans were in no hurry to depart. Perhaps they hoped to stop for the night and get him in his sleep. Still they lingered on, the leader sitting on a log and continuing his banter.

Then, in the middle of a sentence, and while Bud was bending over the Mexican stopped short and leaned to one side. A tense silence fell, and Hooker was wakened from his trance by the warning click of a gun.

Suddenly his hand came back to his guest; and he shrieked like a bird, but even as he went down he heard the hammer click!

The gun had cracked.

Instantly Hooker's hand leaped to his pistol and he fired from the hip, pointing at the would-be murderer. With a yell to the others, one of the Mexicans sprang on him from behind and tried to bear him down. They struggled for a moment while Bud shot blindly with his pistol and went down fighting.

Bud was a giant compared to the stunted Mexicans, and he threw them about like dogs that hang on to bear. With a man in each hand he rose to his feet, crushing them down beneath him; then, in despite of shaking off his rider, he staggered a few steps and hurried himself over backward into the fire.

A yell of agony followed their fall and, as the live coals bit through the Mexican's thin shirt, he fought like a rat to get free. Rocks, pots and kegs



Threw Them About Like Dogs That Hang Onto a Bear.

were kicked in every direction, and when Hooker leaped to his feet the Mexican scrambled up and rushed for the creek.

But, though Bud was free, the battle had turned against him, for in the brief interval of his fight the other two Mexicans had run for their guns. The instant he rose they cornered him. Their chief, who by some miracle had escaped Bud's shot, gave a shout for them to halt. Cheated of his victim at the first he was claiming the right to kill.

As Hooker stood dazed by the smoke and ashes the fellow took his rifle and decided to go to a show-down—and if they again refused to eat he would send them on their way.

An instant later a shell fell rose from up the canyon and, as the two Mexicans started and stared, Amigo came dashing in upon them, a spitting pistol in one hand and the terrible "wood-chopping" knife brandished high in the other.

In the dusk his eyes and teeth gleamed white, his black hair seemed to bristle with fury, and the glint of his long knife made a light as he vaulted over the last rock and went plunging on their track. For, at the first glance at this huge, panting figure, the two Mexicans had turned and fled. The Yaqui, and now Bud could hear them squealing and scrambling as he hunted them down among the rocks.

It was grim work, too, even for his stomach, but Hooker let the Indian low his nature. When Amigo came back from his hunting there was no need to ask questions. His eyes shone so terribly that Hooker said nothing but sat about cleaning up camp.

Perhaps, in his ignorance, Amigo

had shirked their task; perhaps, not knowing that they were dead, he was waiting in a fever of impatience for them to accomplish the deed. However it was, Bud saw that he held the high card, and he was not slow to act.

In the morning he saddled Copper bottom, who had been confined to the corral for weeks, and went galloping into town. There he lingered about the hotel until he saw his man and started boldly toward him. Surprise, alarm and pitiful fear chased themselves across Aragon's face as he stood, but Bud walked proudly by.

"Good morning, senor!" was all Bud said, and the look in his eyes was eloquent of a grim hereafter.

And instead of hurrying back to guard his precious mule Hooker loitered carelessly about town. His mind was empty now—and he was safe. Aragon dared not raise a hand. So he sat himself down on the broad veranda and listened with boyish interest to Don Juan's account of the war.

"What have you not heard of the battle?" cried pertly Don Juan, delighted to have a fresh listener. "Agua Negra has been taken and retaken, and the railroad will soon be repaired. My general has been out in the hills that long! Why, it was two weeks ago that the rebels captured the town by a coup, and eight days later the federales took it back.

"Ah, there has been a real war, Mr. Hooker! You who have laughed at the courage of the Mexicans, what do you think of Bernardo Bravo and his men? They captured the last big train from Fortuna; loaded all the men into the ore cars and simply rode them; and, while the federales were still in their tracks, the train ran clear into the station and took the town by storm."

"And eight days later, at sundown, the federales took it back. Ah, there was awful slaughter averted, however—but the fact that the fire went out two hundred Yaqui Indians who had paid the price, for the second time he escaped his fate.

"Yes, as great was the charge of dynamite that the rebels had laid in their mine that not a house in Agua Negra would have been left standing if the fire had done its work. Two tons of dynamite! Think of that, my friend!

"But these rebels were as ignorant of its power as they were of laying a train. The Yaquis walked into the town at sundown and found it deserted—every man, woman and child had fled to Gadsden and the rebels had fled to the west."

"But listen, hero, was the way it happened—actually, and not as common report has it, for the country is all to an uproar and the real facts were never known. When Bernardo Bravo captured the town of Agua Negra the people acclaimed him a hero."

"He sent word to the Junta at El Paso and set up a new form of government. All was enthusiasm, and several Americans joined his ranks to operate the machine guns and cannoneers.

The sun rose round and hot, the same as usual; the south wind came up and blew into a billowing mass of clouds, which lashed back with the accustomed rain; and when all the earth was washed clean and fresh the last trace of the struggle was gone. Only the burns on his hands was Hooker aware of the fight and of the treacherous which had reared its head against him like a snake which has been warmed and fed.

Nowhere but in Mexico, where the low-pelado classes have made such deals a subtlety, could the man be found to dissemble like that fat assassin-like chief. He paused suddenly in a protracted speech, swung over and picked up a gun, and held his victim for the shooting by the preparatory click of the lock—that indeed called for a brand of gunning rarely found in the United States.

There was one thing about the affair that vaguely haunted Hooker—why was it that a man so cunning as that had failed to load his gun? Twice, and with everything in his favor, he had raised his rifle to fire; and both times it had snapped in his hands. Certainly he must have been inept at arms—or accustomed to single-shot guns.

The reputed master of the swiftest rifles evidently had been his undoing, but where had he got his new gun? And who was he, anyway? With those two baffling questions Bud wrestled as he sat beside his door, and at evening his answer came.

The sun was swinging low and he was collecting wood down the gulch for a fire when, with a sudden thud of hoofs, a horseman rounded the point and came abruptly to a halt. It was Aragon, and he was spying on the camp.

For a full minute he scanned the house, tent and mine with a look so sneaky and sinister that Bud could read his heart like a book. Here was the man who had sent the assassins, and he had come to view their work!

Very slowly Bud's hand crept toward his six-shooter but, slight as was the motion, Aragon caught it and sat frozen in his place. Then, with an inarticulate cry, he fell flat on his horse's neck and went sprawling out of sight.

The answer to Bud's questions was very easy now. The Mexican who had led the attempt on his life was one of Aragon's bad men, one of the four gunmen whom Hooker had looked over so carefully when they came to drive him from the mine, and Aragon had fitted him out with new arms to make the result more sure. But with that question answered there came up another and another until, in a sudden clarity of vision, Bud saw through the belligerent and bearded man the Yaqui far in the lead.

"They did not shoot, those Yaquis; but, dragging their guns behind them, they crept up through the bushes and dug pits quite close to the lines. Then, when the rebels discovered them and manned their guns, the Yaquis shot down the gunners."

"Growing bolder, they crept farther to the front—the rebels became disorganized, their men became mutinous—and at last, when they saw they would surely be taken, the leaders buried two tons of dynamite in the trenches by the building and set a time-fuse to explode when the Yaquis arrived."

"The word spread through the town like wildfire—all the people, all the soldiers fled every which way to escape—and then, when the worst was expected to happen, the dynamite failed to explode and the Yaquis rushed the trenches at sundown."

"Did those Yaquis know about the dynamite?" inquired Bud.

"Know?" repeated Don Juan, waving the thought away; "not a word! Their commander kept it from them, even after they discovered the mine. And now the Indians are making toasts; they are drunk with the thought of their valor and claim that the rebels fled from them alone."

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Established by Franklin in 1736.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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The New York lawyers will be interested to learn that Harry Thaw has got hold of \$160,773 more. It will not take long for them to get most of it.

War news caused the sale of one hundred million bushels of wheat in Chicago on Tuesday. In no other day in the world's history was so much wheat sold.

The U. S. Treasury has \$1,280,000,000 of gold on hand. A few hundred millions could doubtless be spared and then Uncle Sam would have enough left to do business with.

The Progressive party in Massachusetts admits that it is bankrupted, and that it cannot pay more than fifty cents on a dollar of last year's indebtedness. The same appears to be true of the party everywhere. There are not a few in this city who would be glad to see even fifty cents on a dollar, on last year's Progressive fiasco at the Beach.

The war in Europe has been the chief matter of interest this week. Austria-Hungary with undivided and without just cause declared war on little Servia. Left alone this would be an unequal contest and soon over, for Austria could crush Servia in short order. It would be like a great New Foundland dog attacking a six weeks old pup. The dual monarchy has two million trained soldiers, while Servia at best could put into the field not over a quarter of a million. But if this war actually continues and Servia is likely to be crushed Russia will undoubtedly step in with her five million soldiers to preserve the integrity of the little nation. That will be an invitation for Germany to take a hand with her five million men to aid her ally Austria. That would be the signal for all Europe to get into the mire, and the greatest and most destructive war of ancient or modern times would result. The horrors of such a war are too enormous to contemplate. The total trained and untrained men that Europe can put into the field in short order amounts to over twenty millions.

The Charter Amendments.

Probably nobody believes that the amended city charter as recommended by the Newport Improvement Association will be adopted for the city of Newport. Whatever merits or demerits it may have will be completely submerged by the fact that it is even more radical than that under which the city is at present doing business. Had the Prof. Burgess charter been presented to the people for their approval in 1906, instead of the present charter, it would have had at least as good a chance of being adopted. There was at that time a feeling of discontent among the people of Newport, principally because of the agitation against the police commission, and while there were very few votes cast in favor of the change in the fundamental law there were still fewer votes cast against it, a great many voters who would naturally be against such a change being unwilling to go to the polls at all.

To-day conditions are very different. Radicalism has gone as far as it can go. The people of Newport are not disposed to make themselves the victims of further experimenting along these lines; nor are they disposed to take any chance of being made the victims for the very slight chance that is held out of bettering their condition. On the contrary public sentiment is very strongly in favor of a return to the place from whence they came. The present charter will not be allowed to continue much longer without important amendments, and those amendments will not be along the lines of further experimenting.

Professor Burgess has done a great deal of hard work to prepare the amendments that have been offered, and his charter is entitled to a great deal more careful consideration than it will receive. His address before the Improvement Association when the amendments were presented for the Association's consideration should be read and studied by every citizen of Newport, in fact by every citizen of the United States interested in the cause of better government in our cities. He presents incontrovertible facts derived from a careful study of municipal government in the United States and in Europe, and his deductions are not at all flattering to our American pride. Nobody will take issue with his facts, nor with the necessity for a cessation of the era of extravagance and corruption in municipal affairs. But there is the hitch. Newport was told in 1906 that with the adoption of our present charter the municipal millennium would arrive; that corruption would cease; that extravagance would give place to economy and business methods in city affairs. How far the contrary has proven true does not need to be told again. Nor are the people again disposed to experiment.

The Burgess charter contains some excellent points, and we should rejoice to see it adopted in some American municipality. After one or more cities have proven its practicability Newport might well decide that it was adapted to her needs.

Are the Clouds Vanishing?

There is to be at least a temporary and a partial relaxation of the grip of hard times on the country. The harvesting of the great wheat crop, the growing promise of a normal yield of corn, and the increasing prospect of a great crop of cotton, are leading to a confidence in railway circles which can already be seen resulting in orders for the making of new cars, locomotives and other necessary equipments. Orders for rails for the necessary repair of sections which have been kept only in condition for light traffic, and new sidetracking for the accommodation of more cars, show that the best possible use is to be made of the opportunity to repair some financial losses. More labor is being employed in steel mills, in car factories, and on the lines along which the great crops are to be hauled.

This is the brightest side of a picture which has for months been showing none but dark ones. To dissipate the darker lines, even if but temporarily, and while the crops are moving, is a decided gain, and one which we are not at all disposed to undervalue. We have much to offset in the way of losses. The official statistics for the fiscal year closing with June 30 show that nearly one-half of the balance of trade in favor of the United States during the preceding fiscal year disappeared during the one in which the change from protective tariffs to revenue tariffs, or to free lists, was made. Putting the case in another way, our export trade fell off \$250,000,000 during the last eight months of that year, from June to November the monthly statements show an increase in exports. The heavy decrease was made in practically one-half of the year covered by the report, or in the months of January, February, March, April, May and June.

Our exports will undoubtedly be swelled by exportations of portions of the new crop. The continuing increases in the volume of imports, however, show a necessary displacement of more or less labor in many industrial lines. This is shown, too, in the falling off in manufactured exports formerly sold abroad, at a small profit, as surplus products of labor to be kept in steady employment. In reducing labor cost, the first element to be cut out has been, naturally, the export trade, on which the margins of profits were the smallest. This has involved the discharge of workingmen formerly engaged in the making of a surplus for export. There has been such a reduction in the working forces of many lines that it is encouraging to find now the indications of employment for many idle hands, at least for some months during which the crops are being moved. It is a gleam of sun shine in clouded skies.

A Wonderful Discovery.

Chicago, it appears, has developed what is called a Court of Domestic Relations. What the original and ultimate powers and jurisdictions of this court may be are not set out in the dispatch announcing that one of the women officials connected with its administration has reported that her investigations, under the canopy of the court's authority, reveal the red-haired man as the model husband. Fewer red-haired men, this report says, have been arraigned for beating their wives than of any other sort of men arranged in groups according to the sorts of hair coloring. It might be at once answered that red hair is much less common than black, or (in Chicago) white hair, or brown, or any of the intermediate shades between black and white. This fact seems so uncontested that it at once threatens to wipe out the red-haired man's newfound distinction, until this remarkable report from Chicago is more fully considered.

The Court of Domestic Relations in Chicago is not confined to investigation of wife beatings, desertions or other situations which grow only out of domestic broils or incompatibilities. Its province seems to extend much farther, and to reach even to questioning of married women for learning not only the color of their husband's hair, but the temperament of that individual, his habits, and in short, everything about him. And it is in the exercise of this one of its functions that the Chicago Court of Domestic Relations sets the red-haired man upon a pedestal, to stand as a monument to himself. Fewer of him stay out late at night than men of other hirsute coloring. More of him help in washing the dishes than do men whose capillary ingegments are not intended for the illumination of a world.

It is on this negative side of the work of the Court of Domestic Relations that the halo is found for the red head. We now know that he does less of the evil things a man shouldn't do than men of other sorts, and more of the good things all good men delight in doing. And yet, the court warns us, we should not let ourselves be brought to look upon the red-haired man as an angel in temper. This warning is useless. No matter what the Court of Domestic Relations may say about it, the old tradition that a red-haired man is a quick-fighting man will not disappear in a day. The red-haired man will be safe from having his nose pulled by men who are only looking for fun.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has decided to hear ex-President Roosevelt on Bryan's Columbia treaty. He will probably tell the committee a few things in very forcible language.

An Assured Industry at Newport

(Providence Journal.)

The authority given by Congress in the current appropriation for the replenishing of the stock of torpedoes will enable the Navy Department to add materially to the torpedo plant at Newport and its manufacturing activities. The Torpedo Station really is one of the principal industries in Newport, the machine shops giving employment to a force of men who are permanent residents of the city. Being civilians and not subject to periodical transfers, the Torpedo Station people are not to be reckoned as "floating population" in the summer capital. The available appropriation is said to assure increased activity there for two years to come, but as this will not suffice to furnish a supply of torpedoes which meets the department's needs fully, Newport people are justified in the expectation that there will be several years more of brisk business at the shops.

Thus, assuming that some high official has no intention of later transferring the torpedo shops to some Southern city which seems to him to need the business or is to be placated politically, the people in Newport may feel assured that they have a manufacturing business which is not subject to psychological depression. A community which places more or less of its dependence on Government work for its industrial well being has some advantages, compared with the town that depends on corporation or private business plants. The ordinary fluctuations of business do not trouble Newport. The Government paymaster is pretty sure to be on time, barring occasional lapses when deficiency appropriation bills are pending, and an appropriation made for expenditure at a definite point, is as good as paid out when it is voted. The city is not strenuous to obtain general manufacturing business, but it is quite eager to have the Government do as much of its work as possible there, and by reason of the plant and facilities already existing it will be quite as much to the advantage of the general Government as the city itself if the Newport Torpedo shops are enlarged and utilized to meet the fullest needs of the navy.

The Ships at Vera Cruz.

(Providence Journal.)

Now that the war is over—and we have the assurance of First Chief Carpenter for that—what is the use of keeping a division, or more, of battleships anchored in the Gulf of Mexico within range of the unfortified city of Vera Cruz? The Navy Department has not yet explained why the formidable armament was sent down there, in the first instance—practically the whole of our sea strength in the Atlantic. It was easy to get the fleet to Vera Cruz. Secretary Daniels has described glowingly the efficiency of the mobilization. But he seems to be having difficulty about getting the ships away.

Several months have already been lost for useful drills and target practice. The ships and the men are blithering under a tropical sun, with nothing to do but housework. Some have been withdrawn, to be sure—one or two at a time, apparently to avoid making a display that might strike the country as an anti-climax after the ever-glorious mobilization. For the good of the service all the battleships ought to be leagues away from the Mexican coast, engaged in the customary summer practice off Newport, or elsewhere in northern latitudes.

The efficiency of the administration of the Navy Department does not shine at this juncture.

The Progressive party in the State seems to be suffering from a lack of harmony. The executive committee of the organization, which seems to be the "whole cheese," has worked the recall on its officers and has unceremoniously relegated them to the background. Chairman Albert H. Humes, who has been one of the shining lights of the party, has been replaced by Russell W. Richmond, who is practically an unknown man. Senator Walter G. Hartford of Warwick is one of those specifically mentioned in the committee's resolution and there seems to be complete disruption in the party. Well, the leaders could probably see the end coming anyway, so a little fight among themselves will make little difference.

The Providence Journal speaks of Governor Nicholas Cooke as the first Governor of Rhode Island. He was Governor of the State from 1775 to 1778. Previous to that time Rhode Island had seventeen Presidents and thirty-six Governors.

The New Haven Railroad is now operating the bulk of its trains between New Haven and New York by electricity.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From Our Regular Correspondent)

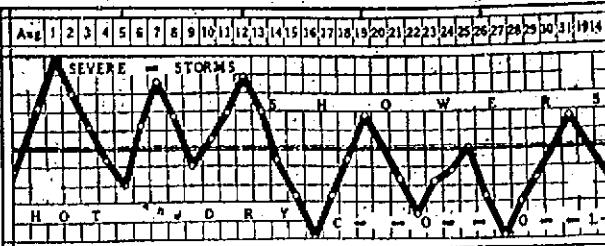
Mr. Philip Smoot, a student at the Rhode Island State Agricultural College, passed his examination with honors and is spending his vacation with his mother, Mrs. Margaret Smoot.

Mr. Robert W. Anthony has been the guest of his cousin, Mrs. Richard E. Sowle, of New Bedford, Mass.

Miss Carolyn D. Anthony is spending the week with Miss Margaret McLeod at her summer home at Barker Heights, Tiverton, R. I.

Messrs. Charles W. Anthony, Walter Gray and Willis Albee who have been camping near the Middletown line have gone to Prudence to stay a week. They will be near the summer home of Mr. Isaac Gray, father of Walter Gray.

The annual Lawn Party of St. Anthony's Church, was held at the Fair Grounds Thursday afternoon and evening. The attendance was not as large as usual on account of the rain. Plans had been made for a large crowd and they had a quantity of articles for sale. The grounds were prettily lighted with red, white and blue electric bulbs. The booths were very prettily decorated and especially the one for the orchestra. A supper of cold meats and salads was served. Table No. 1 was in charge of Mrs. James McGovern, assisted by Annie Oliver and Mary Lopez. Table No. 2 was in charge of Mrs. Patrick Murphy, assisted by Mrs. Cornelius Sheehan and Agnes Freeman. The side tables were served by Annie Petrie and Lucy Vindinha. Fancy articles were for sale by Miss Mary McGraw and Mrs. Mary Pachio. Candy booth was under Misses Agnes Murphy and Mary Corcoran. Ice cream and

WEATHER BULLETIN.

August rainfall will be very much like that of June, less than normal south of, and greater than usual north of latitude 40. Unusually warm August 1 to 14 and cooler than usual 15 to 29. Very little rain south of latitude 40 first half of month but some showers last half. Severe storms first half of month. Important weather events are expected near August 2 and 9. Frost in Spring Wheat Sections near August 16.

Treble line represents normal temperatures. Where the temperature line goes above this normal line indicates warmer and where it goes below indicates cooler than usual. Temperature line dates are for Meridian 90. Count one to three days earlier for west of that line and as much later for east of it in proportion to the distance from that line which runs north and south through St. Louis.

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Washington, D. C. July 30, 1914.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbances to cross the continent July 23 to August 3 and August 5 to 9, warm waves July 27 to Aug. 2 and Aug. 4 to 8; cool waves Aug. 1 to 6 and 7 to 11. These disturbances, covering July 30 to Aug. 10, will cause hot, dry and drying weather which will continue over the next disturbance following them till about August 14. That will be the most damaging cropweather or the corn and Spring wheat section for the crop season of 1914.

Where the corn crop enters August in first class condition fair to good crop will probably be made as frequent thunder showers are expected along and north of latitude 40. But south of latitude 40 the corn and cotton will probably suffer for want of rain. The rainfall of Aug. will be very much like that of June, but it should be remembered that Texas and Oklahoma entered June with a very wet soil whereas they will probably enter Aug.

with a deficiency of moisture.

The Aug. drought will not reach much of the Spring wheat country of Canada and our northern tier of states and the probabilities are that the early estimates of the Spring wheat yield will be materially reduced by August and September rains.

The September rains will be heaviest in eastern sections of the continent. Our advice to farmers continues to be that they should not sell grain nor cotton at this time.

The cropweather, the general financial prospects of the world and the fact that congressional legislation is about done with for the present, all indicate better prices later on.

Peace will probably be restored in Mexico soon and as it is now too late for them to produce a crop this year

their fifteen millions of people must be

fruit punch was served by Mary Chase, Mary DeTerra and Emma Cordova. The girls were looked after by Mrs. John Walsh. Soft drinks by Arthur Barrett and Alvin Pachio. Supper tickets were sold by Mr. McGraw. Owing to the rain late in the afternoon all departments were moved into the dance hall and exhibition rooms. The music was furnished by the Bon Ton Orchestra of Fall River, Mass., both afternoon and evening. There was dancing in the evening and an auction was held in the dining room to sell articles not disposed of at supper tables.

Miss Lulu Chase, of Providence, has been spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. Rowland Chase, of Bristol Ferry Road.

Miss Katherine Dennison has been spending several days with Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Thomas.

Rev. H. A. Pritchard and his sister attended services at St. Mary's Church Sunday morning. Rev. Mr. Pritchard supplied the pulpit at St. Mary's Church a part of the time during the time Rev. F. W. Goodman, the rector, was in Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry G. Randall entertained Mrs. Perry B. Anthony and her children, Eleanor and John, on Sunday.

Panama Commissioners.

The Governor has named the following State Commissioners for the Panama-American Exposition to be held in San Francisco next year:

Col. Joseph E. Fletcher, John S. Holbrook, Harry Parsons Cross, John O. Ames and Henry Lippitt of Providence; and Mrs. Elsie French Vandebilt and Mrs. R. Livingston Beekman, both of Newport.

The politicians of Providence have demanded a bigger representation in the management of the Republican party of the State. A city that goes Democratic by over five thousand majority ought not to expect an overwhelming voice in the Republican management; still we see no objection towards giving that city a few more members on the State Central Committee.

We are inclined to believe that, with dry weather through August good rains east of Mississippi in September and plenty of moisture over all the Winter wheat sections in October, it will be best to sow wheat late. But the 1915 wheat cropweather is the great problem. Can't discuss it now but we always reply to queries from all subscribers of the newspapers publishing our work. Always address us at Washington, D. C.

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BATTLES RAGE ON THE BORDER

Serbia Invaded by Austrian Force
of 500,000 Men

REPORTS ARE CONFLICTING

Vienna Announces Great Victories,
While Serbian Messages Say Enemy
Was Repulsed—Germany Asks Russia
What Is Meant by Mobilization,
to Which Russia Replies That It Is
a Precautionary Measure—Every
Country Likely to Be Involved Is
Preparing For Possible General War—
Grey and Asquith Not So Hopeful

Austria Is Invading Serbia with
500,000 men. Of these 150,000 are
operating opposite Belgrade, the
Serbian capital, 100,000 on the river
Drina in Bosnia, and 125,000 on the
Danube, in the eastern part of Serbia.
As a result blood is flowing
freely on the Danube.

Serb resistance, while spirited and
cosy to the enemy, is meant only to
impede his advance and not to be de-
cisive. Rumors of great battles in
which the Serbians lost 800 men and
have 4000 taken prisoners, while the
Austrian casualties are but 200, must
not be taken seriously.

It makes considerable difference
from where the dispatches covering
hostilities come. If from Vienna
something like the foregoing is pro-
duced. On the other hand, Serbian
messages say that the Austrian at-
tempt to cross the Danube twenty
miles east of Belgrade was repulsed,
also that the enemy was successfully
resisted at Lositz, west of Bel-
grade.

A note dispatched by the German
government to St. Petersburg gives
Russia twenty-four hours to explain
her intentions with regard to mobiliza-
tion.

The following official statement was
authorized at St. Petersburg:

"Russia desires no war. Our par-
tial mobilization is a precautionary
measure to preserve the independence
of Serbia."

In the meantime preparations for a
possible general war goes on in every
country likely to be involved. A
rumor comes from St. Petersburg that
Japan might also come to the assist-
ance of England if the latter became
involved.

Following the partial mobilization
of the Russian army, a step which
that country officially announced to
Germany and Austria-Hungary, an
order was issued by Germany to all
the officers and men of her reserve
forces to hold themselves in readiness
for a call to arms.

England's fleet has been ordered to
be kept on a war footing and the sea-
tated vessels of the navy are being
brought back to their bases. The
Mediterranean fleet, which reached
Malta, found lighters waiting there
loaded with coal, which was at once
taken on board. All the members of
the metropolitan police, which is a
British government force, have been
recalled from leave and ordered to
return to duty at once, as the men
might be required to guard the gov-
ernment dock yards and magazines.

That Great Britain fully realizes
the gravity of the situation is man-
ifest from the momentous announce-
ments made in the house of commons
by Sir Edward Grey, the foreign sec-
retary, and Premier Asquith. Grey
"regrets" to announce that he cannot
say the situation is "less grave,"
while Asquith, following a conference
of all the party leaders, informed the
house that with the assent of Mr. Law,
leader of the Opposition, home rule
would go over until later, in order
that all parties might rally to the
government and thus "hail, if not
avert, the calamity" which threatens.

Berlin and Roma are also posses-
sively.

As a last resort it is said Emperor
William has sent Ernest of Hesse,
brother of the Empress of Prussia,
to St. Petersburg to endeavor to ar-
range peace.

All through Europe national banks
have advanced discount rates, in an
endeavor to prevent the movement of
gold, each country desiring to retain
what it already has. Trading in se-
curities has come virtually to stand-
still, there being little money in
sight. In France, indeed, mints
coin has disappeared from circulation.

All through the continent a pessimistic
tone is clearly evident.

AWAITING DEVELOPMENTS

United States Not Ready to Issue
Neutrality Proclamation

Issuance of a formal proclamation
of neutrality in the war between Aus-
tria and Serbia will be delayed by the
United States pending developments
of the next few days.

Secretary Bryan said the disposition
of the state department is to withhold
action until it is known whether other
European powers will be drawn
into the conflict.

Eventually the proclamation will be
framed upon the document issued
when Italy and Turkey were at war
in 1911 over Tripoli. It will prescribe
strict neutrality and warn American
citizens that they cannot expect pro-
tection from the United States gov-
ernment if they violate the interna-
tional laws governing the conduct of
war.

Albert E. Maffey, married, of
Tecumseh, Mass., was drowned while
swimming.

Arthur Lavalac, 19, was drowned
while swimming at Southbridge,
Mass.

Harbor Goudreau, 37, was
drowned while bathing at Providence.

Howard Knowlton, 10, of Beverly,
Mass., dived into a lake, was seized
with cramps and drowned.

SEAT OF THE WAR.



FOUR KILLED; SIXTY INJURED

Scene of Serious Rioting and
Bloodshed in Dublin

NATIONALISTS ARE FIRED ON

Company of King's Own Scottish
Borderers, on Way to Capture Arms
Landed From Yacht, in Conflict
With Mob Which First Attacked
Them—Echo of Gun-Running

Three men and one woman are dead
and more than sixty persons are in
the hospitals wounded as the result of
a battalion of the King's Own Scottish
Borderers firing into a mob in the
streets of Dublin.

Seven of the wounded are expected
to succumb to their injuries. The
dead include three women and a
boy of 10.

The affray was the result of a gun-
running exploit of the Nationalist
volunteers, who were being aided by
a mob composed largely of women
and youths.

A consignment of rifles, said to
number 10,000, was landed at noon
Sunday at Howth, nine miles from
Dublin. The vessel on which the
arms were brought to Howth was a
private yacht.

The Nationalist volunteers cut the
telegraph wires and stopped travel
on the Dublin roads and, according to
reports, sent away most of the rifles,
together with 70,000 rounds of am-
munition, in motor cars.

A battalion of the King's Own Scot-
tish Borderers was ordered to capture
the arms when the authorities
heard that the volunteers were bring-
ing them into the city.

The soldiers encountered a detach-
ment of volunteers at Clonmell bridge
and an outbreak resulted. There was
no shooting, however. A great crowd
soon collected and followed the
troops, jeering them and cheering for
John Redmond and home rule. Finally
the mob began throwing bottles and
stones and several of the soldiers
were injured.

The battalion then replied to the
attack of the mob with a scattered
fusillade. In an instant the street
was covered with wounded, while the
crowd ran in all directions.

St. Juras' hospital is situated only
200 yards from the scene of the af-
fray and the wounded were quickly
taken there. Four of them died with-
in two hours. The soldiers and police
seized a hundred rifles from the
volunteers.

Excited crowds filled the streets
of Dublin, some of the men carrying
rifles. The Borderers are confined to
barracks to prevent the people from
attacking them. Further rioting is
feared.

After the troops had fired into the
crowd, the angry populace attacked
individual soldiers and beat them
brutally. Members of the Scottish
Borderers, who were riding bicycles
along the quays, were pulled from
their machines and beaten and the
bicycles were thrown into the river.

The yacht from which the arms
were landed was a sailing vessel, the
name of which had been painted over.
A woman, or a man in woman's cloth-
ing, some persons say, commanded the
yacht.

Texans Reject Prohibition
Returns from the Texas Democratic
primary show that submission of
state-wide prohibition was defeated
by a majority of over 15,000.

GOES SUDDENLY INSANE

Court Clerk Kills Child and Self and
Son May Die

Two dead, one dying and another
wounded represents the toll of an ef-
fort made by Thomas H. Dalton,
clerk of the East Boston district court
to wipe his family out of existence.

With a revolver Dalton killed his 5-
weeks-old infant, Priscilla, and him-
self, in his home.

Joseph, his 7½-year-old son, is on
the dangerous list in a hospital. The
boy was shot between the nose and
upper lip. Mrs. Dalton was wounded
behind her right ear, but is in no
danger.

Long continued illness, culminating
in a fit of sudden insanity, is thought
responsible for the murderous attack
of Dalton. He was 36 years old.

GOING TO SPANISH PORT

Huerta Charts Steamer For Himself
and Other Refugees

Ex-President Huerta of Mexico,
who arrived at Kingston, Jan., July
24, has completed arrangements to
sail for Europe on Sunday next.

The general has chartered the
steamer Patta, which now is at Port
Limon, C. R., but which is due to
arrive here on Sunday, to carry him
and his party of Mexican refugees di-
rect to a Spanish port, probably
Santander.

General Huerta deposited in a bank
at Kingston, Jan., \$200,000 of the
\$6,000,000 he is reported to have taken
with him when he retired from the
presidency of Mexico.

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GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

Mrs. Mary G. Hoyt, 80, of Bea-
trice, Neb., sister of Grover Cleve-
land, died at Arlee, Mont., while
visiting a granddaughter.

Railroad officials are quietly test-
ing the sentiment of western engi-
neers and firemen to learn what action
they will take if a strike is called.

One month after he had awarded her
a divorce from her first husband,
Supreme Justice Ford of New York
officiated at the marriage of Mrs.
Blanche Pafell to Dr. Thomas C.
Webb.

Joseph Remington, a fireman, was
killed and two trainmen were seriously
injured when a locomotive was
wrecked at Holmes, N. Y.

Mrs. James Harding, who died at
London at 90, is survived by 14 chil-
dren, 38 grandchildren and 124 great-
grandchildren.

Several persons were injured, some
perhaps fatally, when the Lawrence-
ville, Pa., sewer blew up for the sec-
ond time within nine months.

Fire in the Louisville stockyards de-
stroyed a third of the plant, forty
railroad cars, and damaged a score of
cottages, with \$250,000 loss.

With his hands and feet manacled,
Harry Ellionsky swam through the
dangerous currents of Hell Gate. He
covered a mile in 38 minutes.

"You've got me right," boastfully
said 8-year-old Julian Daffano, when
he was arrested at Coney Island in
the act of picking a woman's pocket.

Various sentiments were developed
from the visitors, but the president
again insisted that if co-operation
comes from business men generally
there is no doubt that real prosperity
will follow.

BLAME ON MRS. ANGLE

Coroner Holds Her Responsible For
Death of Ballou

"Waldo Ballou came to his death as
the result of the criminal action of
Mrs. Helen Angle."

Summarized, this is the finding an-
nounced by Coroner Phelan in the
mysterious death of the prominent
Stamford, Conn., business man and
philanthropist.

Phelan's report told of the finding
of bloodstains in Mrs. Angle's apart-
ment, in front of which the body of
Ballou was found in a pool of blood.

Mrs. Sophie Ogarzalak, 23, of
Chicago, Mass., committed suicide
by drinking a solution of match
in a glass of water.

The Salem fire relief fund now to-
tals \$594,565.33.

Louis La Riviere, a special police
officer, was arrested at Beverly,
Mass., charged with stealing from a
garage.

Albert E. Maffey, married, of
Tecumseh, Mass., was drowned while
swimming.

Arthur Lavalac, 19, was drowned
while swimming at Southbridge,
Mass.

Harbor Goudreau, 37, was
drowned while bathing at Providence.

Howard Knowlton, 10, of Beverly,
Mass., dived into a lake, was seized
with cramps and drowned.

MRS. WAKEFIELD IS CONVICTED BY JURY

Mrs. Bessie J. Wakefield, on trial
for the second time for the murder of
her husband, William O. Wakefield,
at Cheshire, Conn., was found guilty
of murder in the second degree by a
jury at New Haven.

Conviction of second degree mur-
der in Connecticut carries with it the
penalty of life imprisonment.

Mrs. Wakefield was found guilty of
first degree murder at her first trial
and was sentenced to be hanged, but a
retrial was ordered by the supreme
court of errors. James Plew, the actual
murderer, was recently hanged for the
crime. The state alleged that Mrs.
Wakefield aided and abetted Plew in
killing her husband.

Mrs. Wakefield, in her defense,
denied that she plotted or desired the
death of her husband, and claimed
that in the hanging of Plew the real
murderer of her husband had paid the
penalty for the crime.

Mrs. Wakefield broke the silence
of the impressive scene in the court-
room, following the announcement
of the verdict, by weeping hyster-
ically. She was led into an ante-room
by a deputy sheriff. There she
clung to the breast of her aged father,
Frank Webster, and continued to
give way to her feelings. There was
scarcely a dry eye in court. Later
she was taken to the county jail, where
she became somewhat more
composed.

ONLY \$215,375 SPENT

Balance of \$600,000 For Salem Fire
Sufferers Is Still In Hand

Of the \$600,000 contributed for the
relief of the sufferers of the fire at
Salem, Mass., on June 25 only \$215,-
375 has been expended thus far, it
was announced at a meeting of the
relief committee.

No definite information has been
obtained as to when the government
appropriation of \$200,000 will be
available, said Chairman Moore of the
committee, except that it will be
expended under the direction of the
war department. The state contribu-
tion of \$200,000 will not be available
until after Oct. 1 next and will be
disbursed by the state board of
charity, he declared.

GETS TIME TO COOL OFF

Wife Beater Sentenced to Hundred
and Twenty Days in Jail

Mike Kesper of Nashua, N. H.,
was given jail sentence of 120 days
for wife-beating.

He admitted he had assaulted his
wife, promised never to repeat it and
begged for leniency, but when his
record was looked up it was discovered
that he was already under a sus-
pended sentence of ninety days for
the same offense.

Motorcyclist Instantly Killed

Burton W. Marden was instantly
killed at Fitchburg, Mass., when the
motorcycle he was riding collided with
an automobile said to be owned and
driven by Charles O. Swanson.

NEW ENGLAND GLEANINGS

Rev. Edward J. Curtin, 58, pastor
of St. Agnes' church, Arlington,
Mass., died from heart trouble. He
was one of the best known priests in
the diocese of Boston.

William Pierce, 38, was drowned at
Webster, Mass., when a boat in
which he was fishing sprang a leak
and sank.

Fire destroyed the Gardner block
at Haverhill, Mass., in which were
a dozen shoe supply firms, all of
which were burned out. The loss is
\$20,000.

Patrick McCabe of Boston met with
injuries that resulted in his death be-
cause of meddling with an elevator.

St

COLOSSAL EXHIBIT PALACES FOR PANAMA PACIFIC EXPOSITION

Marvelous Works of Art to be Shown at San Francisco

Thirty-six of the World's Navies Will Participate Officially Upon a Stupendous Scale—World's Most Noted Architects Create City of Palaces the Like of Which Man Has Never Beheld—England to Exhibit.

The photographs upon this page reveal just a few of the thousands of marvels that will be seen by the millions who visit the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco next year.

The opening of the Panama canal is regarded by the nations as one of the most stupendous events in the history of the world, and in recognition of the great work at Panama there will be exhibited in San Francisco such a display of the world's progress as has never been seen before.

The news that England will exhibit at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition is evidence of the amazing interest that is everywhere taken in America's Panama canal celebration.

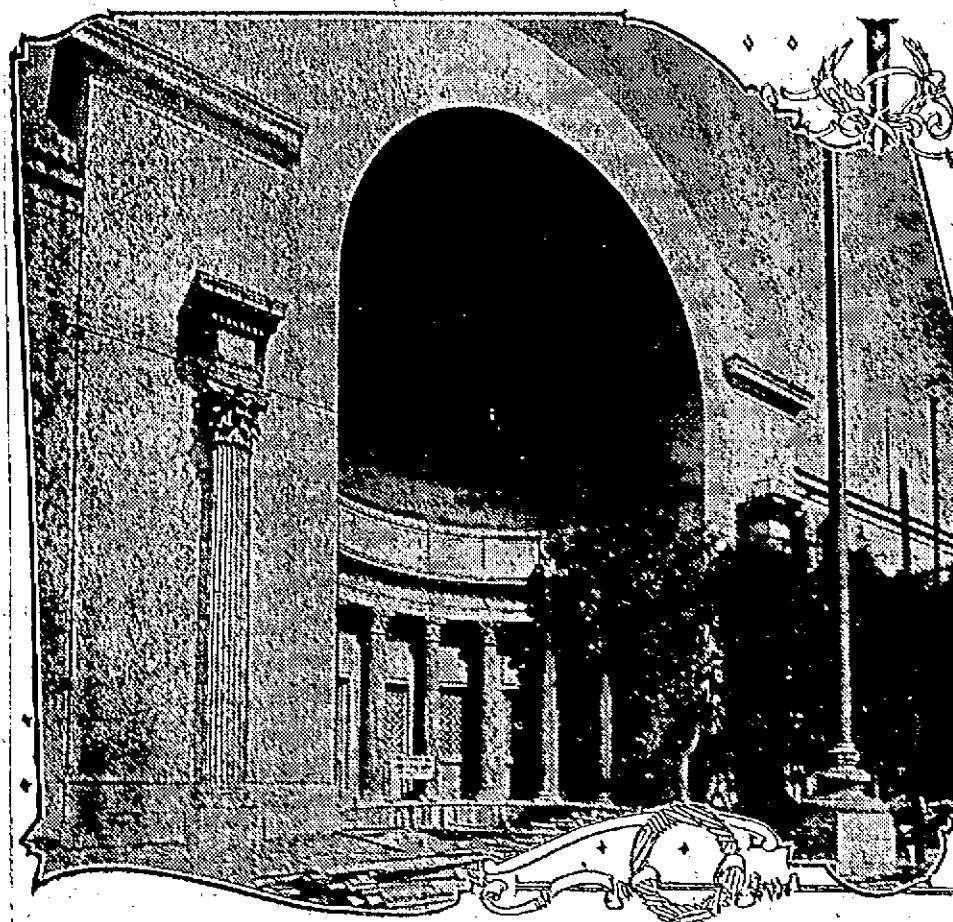
Thirty-six of the world's great nations will officially participate in the exposition. Here is the list: Argentina, Australia, Austria, Bolivia, Brazil, Bulgaria, Canada, Chile, Costa Rica, Cuba, Denmark, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, France, Guatemala, Haiti, Holland, Honduras, Italy, Japan, Liberia, New Zealand, Nicaragua, Panama, Peru, Portugal, Salvador, Spain, Sweden, Turkey, Uruguay, Venezuela and Great Britain. The nations have appropriated enormous sums. The Argentine, for example, has appropriated \$1,300,000 gold for its display. Canada has appropriated \$600,000 and construction is far advanced on the great Canadian pavilion.

The navies of every civilized country on earth will be enabled at San Francisco to behold a surpassing view of the progress of their native land.

Throughout the United States and in foreign lands millions of people are planning to visit the exposition next year. At a recent meeting of the Transcontinental Passenger Association it was decided to make great reductions in railroad fares. The exposition opens on February 20 and closes on December 4, 1915.

The exposition today is one of the sights of the world. The passenger on a steamer through the Golden Gate beholds the vast domes of the exposition palaces rising like the domes and minarets of a fabled Oriental city. Before the main group of exposition palaces, which face north upon the harbor for more than one mile, a great sea esplanade has been constructed; this has been wonderfully landscaped with thousands of rare trees and shrubs brought from distant parts of the world. Here multitudes will gather during the exposition to view by day the assembled warships of the world's navies and at night a wonderful series of colored illuminations visible forty or fifty miles away. The entire exposition grounds parallel San Francisco harbor for almost three miles.

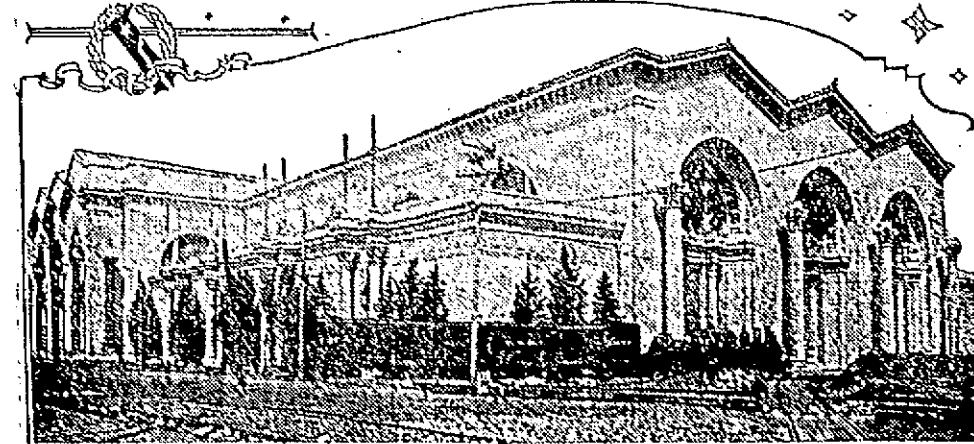
VIEW OF A HALF-DOME IN THE WONDERFUL PALACE OF EDUCATION.



Copyright 1914 by Panama-Pacific International Exposition Company.

This photograph shows a half-dome in the colossal Palace of Education at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco in 1915. The world's most noted artists, mural decorators and sculptors were engaged to decorate the exposition palaces and, as a result, the huge structures are indescribably beautiful. The interior of the dome is embellished with a superb mosaic of brilliant colors, designed under the supervision of Mr. Jules Guerin, the noted artist. The height to the top of the half-dome is 110 feet.

HUGE PALACE OF MACHINERY AT WORLD'S GREATEST EXPOSITION.



Copyright 1914 by Panama-Pacific International Exposition Company.

The great Palace of Machinery as seen from its south facade. The mechanical triumphs of the world will be displayed in the great Palace of Machinery at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco next year. This colossal structure is almost a thousand feet long, four hundred feet wide and is 185 feet high. The installation of exhibits in the huge structure has already begun. Three vessels the size of the world's largest steamship could easily be placed in this vast structure and with room to spare.

"My plate is damp."
"Hush," whispered his wife.
"That's your soap. They serve small portions at these fashionable affairs."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"But I've heard that you've proposed to other girls this month."
"I—er—er—was merely rehearsing for my proposal to you."—New Orleans Picayune.

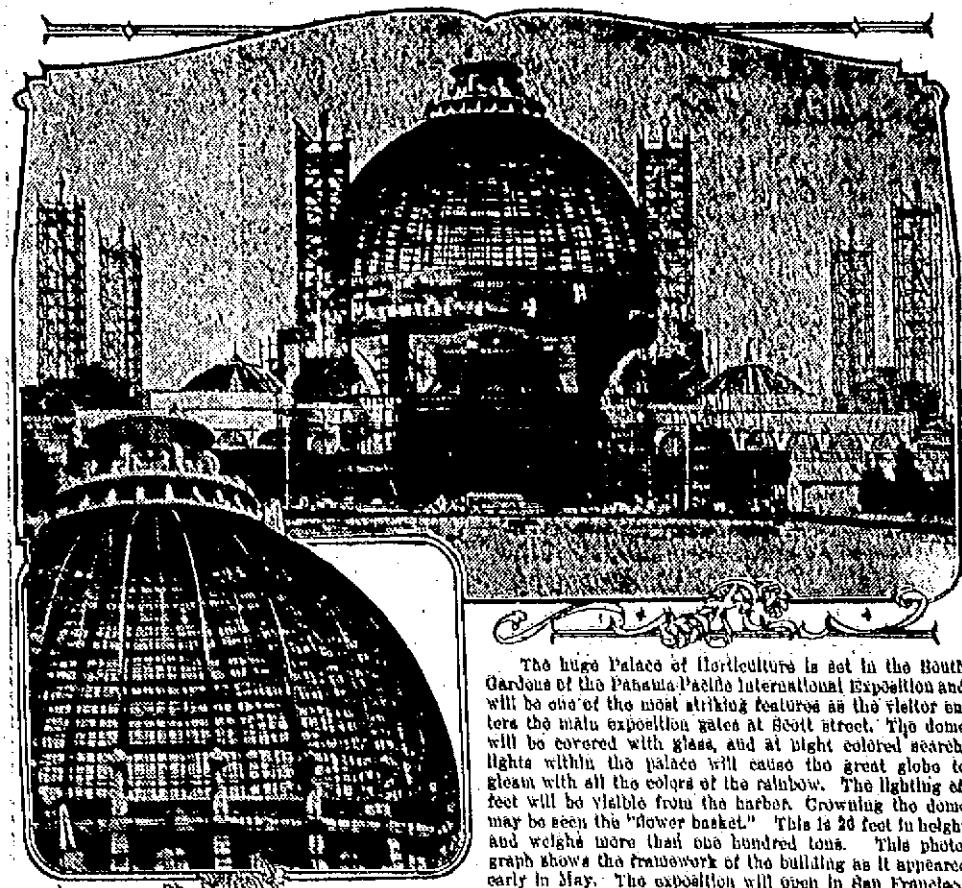
"Please, ma'am there's a man out here who says he'll have a fit on the quitoes," said the summer boarder, diming.
"He will? Well, tell him I'll give two dimes if he'll have a fit on Mrs. Brown's porch."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"What makes her hair so light?"
"I guess she's suffering from infantile peroxide."—Buffalo Express.

"You told me you hadn't any mosquitos on your porch if you don't give him a reproachfully."
"I hadn't. Them you see floatin' around come from St. Perkins' place. They ain't mine."—Washington Star.

"An' you were at MacDougal's last night? What o' mah is he?"
"Leebrai wi his whiskey, but the quality o' it's that indecent I never left home."—Exchange.

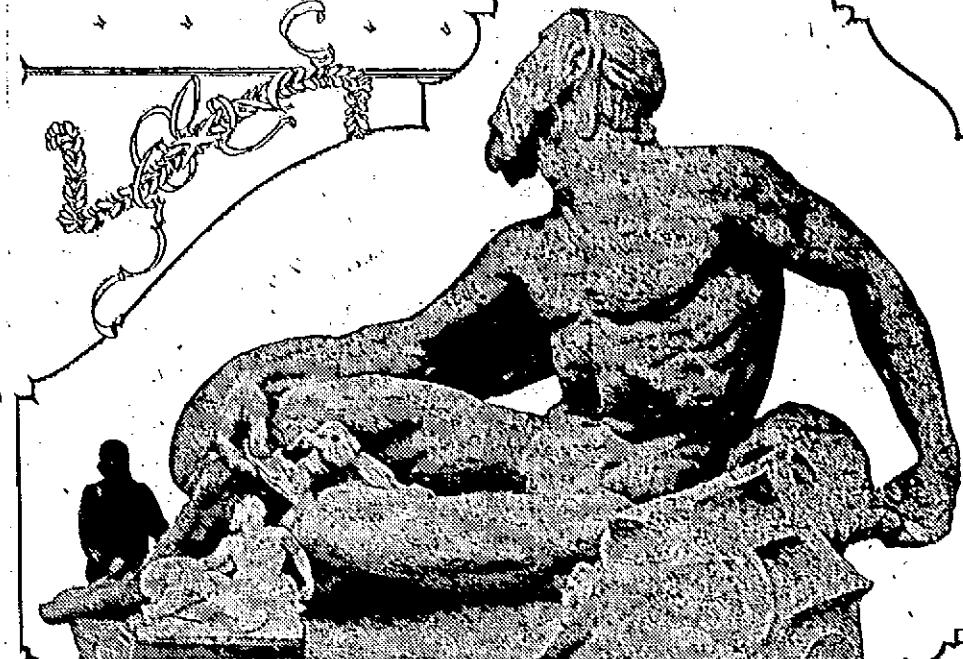
FIRST NEWS PICTURE OF THE WONDERFUL PALACE OF HORTICULTURE



A Neater View of the Dome.

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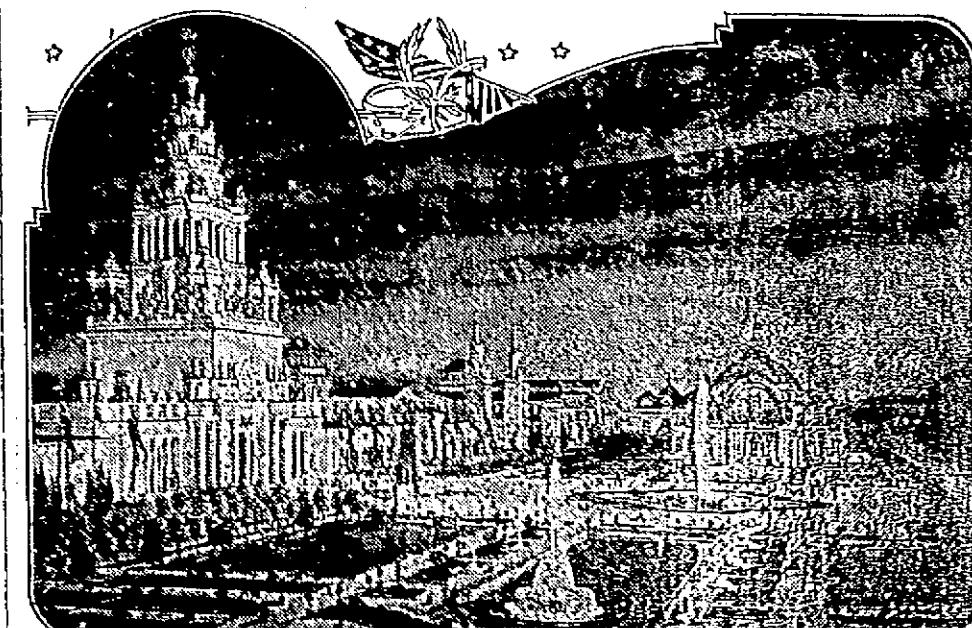
FAMOUS SCULPTOR'S CONCEPTION OF "WATER," FOR COURT OF THE UNIVERSE.



Scenes in one of the sculptural warehouses on the exposition grounds. The figure above is that of a remarkable sculptural composition by Robert I. Aitkin, one of the most brilliant of American sculptors. The figure representing the sculptor's conception of "Water," is a companion piece to three other symbolic sculptures—"Fire," "Earth" and "Air." The four figures, typifying the elements, will flank the descents into a vast sunken garden in the superb court of honor, the Court of the Universe. On the left may be seen the original model from which the figure was enlarged.

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VAST SOUTH GARDENS OF THE MARVEL EXPOSITION CITY AT NIGHT.



Night view of South Gardens and main entrance to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco in 1915. Dominating the scene at the left of the picture is the Tower of Jewels, rising some 435 feet into the air, its architectural lines marked with thousands of glittering hand-polished crystals of many colors and its whole surface softly glowing with the reflected light from the arcs which are hidden from the spectator. Further down the facade, at about the center of the picture, may be seen the two slender towers which guard the entrance to the Court of Palms and directly in front of the Tower of Jewels is A. Stirling Calder's "Fountain of Energy." In the background at the extreme left may be seen the top of the triumphal Arch of the Rising Sun, surmounted by the group "The Nations of the East."

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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The King You Have Always Wanted

Bear the
Signature of *Chat H. Fletcher*

Mrs. Wabash—John, I thought I heard a woman's voice at the door last night when you were having trouble opening it with your night key.

Mr. Wabash—Yes, dear, you did.

Mrs. Wabash—But John, what did that mean?

Mr. Wabash—Why, dear, you see the woman you heard talking was the police-woman who brought me home.—Rockers Stateman.

A Pennsylvania farmer was the owner of a good Jersey cow. A stranger, having admired the animal, asked the farmer: "What will you take for your cow?"

The farmer scratched his head for a moment and then said, "Look a-bore, be you the tax assessor or the been killed by the railroad?"

The Argonaut.

ORIGIN OF METALS

Varied Theories as to How the Ores Are Formed.

NATURE HIDES THE SECRET.

Men Have For Centuries Tried to Wrest It From Her, but Geologists and Mineralogists Are as Yet Unable to Agree Upon the Process.

You have read of that legendary Indian who while chasing game on a solitary mountain side set a bush to prevent himself from falling, and the bush being pulled loose from its scraggly hold on the rocks, he saw its crooked roots grasping masses of gleaming white ore and thus became the discoverer of the famous silver mines of Potosi.

You have also read, perhaps, with steaming fingers, of prospectors picking up nuggets of gold worth a thousand dollars each or opening veins of quartz all shot through with heavy threads of the yellow metal.

You know that ores of gold and silver or of any other precious or base metal are not to be found in everybody's back yard, but just as sought in certain favored parts of the earth.

But has not intelligent curiosity ever led you to inquire how those ores came to be where they are and nowhere else? Have you ever wondered what makes a gold nugget?

Possibly you think that gold and other metals grow somewhat as fruits do—in soils and climates that are specially suited to them. Well, there is considerable truth in that idea, and the word "grow" is, in our view, surprisingly applicable to such deposits.

But there is a great deal more in the matter than you would imagine, and on no subject has science fought more battles royal than on this of the origin of metallic ores. I think that there are some geologists who would rather find out this secret to the very bottom than discover the richest lode that the ribs of the earth contain. If they could do both that would be perfection, and we must not forget that knowledge is power.

Until about 400 years ago everybody who thought about it at all believed that veins of precious ore were distributed under the influence of the planets. At that time astrology held the place of science.

Finally George Agricola, a German mineralogist, who lived about the time when the gold and silver of Mexico and Peru were making Spain the temporary mistress of the world, hit upon a theory which came in substance very near the truth. He taught that water, penetrating into the earth and becoming heated, took up scattered minerals in solution and afterward deposited them as ores in cavities in the rocks. The mineral solutions he called the earth's "juices."

A couple of hundred years later the German geologist Werner set forth a view that became very famous under the name of the "Neptunist theory" from Neptune, the god of the sea. Werner's idea was that as the earth cooled down from the primeval nebula out of which it was formed it was enveloped in a universal hot ocean, holding in solution all kinds of minerals, and that when the rocky crust was formed the water leaking down into it deposited its metallic contents by chemical precipitation in veins and lodes wherever the circumstances were favorable.

But a hundred years ago the Neptunist theory, which had swept everything before it in the minds of men of science, met its Waterloo at the hands of Hutton, the Scottish geologist, with his "Plutonian" theory (from Pluto, the god of the infernal regions). Hutton's idea was that the materials which fill the metallic veins were melted by heat and forcibly injected into the clefts and fissures of the strata from below.

The "Neptunists" and "Plutonists" had a hard fight, with the latter holding the upper hand, until their theory had assumed a kind of compromise form, with water again playing the principal role. The American geologist, Van Hise, is the author of one of the latest theories according to which meteoric water (condensed atmospheric vapor) penetrates deep into the earth's crust and, with steadily increasing temperature, takes up mineral matter into solution. Spreading, as it gets deeper, the water reaches larger openings in the rocky crust, in which it ascends, with decreasing temperature and pressure.

There it deposits the ores, whose materials it has collected in its wanderings and carried along in solution.

But this is not the last word, and in recent years there has been a partial reaction toward the Plutonist theory. Besides, a great deal seems to depend upon the nature of the ore whose origin is in question.—Garrett P. Serviss in New York Journal.

He Knew. Mrs.—Oh, Jack! Dolly told me the most exciting secret and made me swear never to tell a living soul! Mr.—Well, hurry up with it. I'm late to the office now.—Cleveland Leader.

Axiom in Economics. As a rule, the money a man doesn't save by remaining a bachelor would be more than enough to support a wife and ten children.—Chicago News.

Life without industry is guilt.—John Ruskin.

Not Like Him. The Vicar—I'm surprised at you. Miss—Why, look at me, I can go into the town without coming back caricatured. Miss—Yeah, sure. But Ol' is so popular.—London Telegraph.

Too Vigorous. Why are you prejudiced against us? You never saw a game.

No; but I once heard part of one—

HOME OF THE BIG TREES.

Forest Giants in the Sequoia and General Grant National Parks.

The Sequoia and General Grant National parks, the home of the big trees, are situated in California and Oregon. California has two celebrated groves for the great groves of the big trees, which are scattered throughout the state. Sequoia National park may be reached from Visalia, the city by way of electric railway to Lemoore, a distance of forty miles by stage or private conveyance to Camp Sierra, in the park. General Grant National park can be best reached from Bakersfield by automobile, stage or private conveyance, a distance of forty-six miles to the park.

The streams and lakes in these parks afford splendid trout fishing, boating and bathing. The waters are all pure and fit to drink. The forests contain the largest, oldest, tallest and most valuable trees in the world. Aside from the giant Sequoia, there are other forests of pine, fir, cedar and many deciduous trees that are truly royal. There are many shrubs, wild flowers, ferns and mosses of superb beauty, while trooping wild animals and beautiful song birds are another enjoyable feature of the parks.

In four of the groves certain trees within them have been named, while in all other groves they have not. The General Sherman tree was discovered by James Wolverton, a hunter and trapper, on Aug. 1, 1870, at which time he named the tree in honor of General Sherman, under whom he had served during the war. The General Grant tree was named by Mrs. Adelicia P. Baker, who was a member of the party which camped near the tree in August, 1897. This tree has a height of 261 feet and a base diameter of thirty-one feet.

EXPECTATION OF LIFE.

Years One May Count Upon Living at Any Given Age.

No statistics have been calculated with greater care than the tables which give the exact expectation of life for men and women at various ages. These mortality tables are officially adopted by the various states in the United States, and from them the life insurance companies compute their rates of insurance. They are as accurate as the most carefully gathered figures can make them.

At ten years of age the expectation of life is 48.72 years. When one has reached the age of twenty the chances are much improved, and there is still an expectation of 42.20 years before one. At the age of twenty-five the average has improved, and there are still some thirty-nine years ahead.

For the normal man or woman thirty years of age the average length of life is sixty-five years. A person thirty-five years old may count, according to these tables, on thirty-two years more.

As each milestone is passed the prospect brightens. Thus at the age of forty the prospect is for nearly twenty-nine years more, and at forty-five there is an expectation of twenty-five more years.

By the fiftieth year the expectation is about twenty-one years, and in the fifty-fifth year it is nearly eighteen more. A man of sixty may look forward with some confidence to fifteen more years of life, and this increases so that at seventy years the prospect is eight years. On having successfully passed the eightieth year there is an expectation of about five years.

Of Great Price.

The lion had been tamed and prodiced by an ill-conditioned keeper until his patience was quite spent. The enraged beast leaped upon the keeper, knocked him down and fetched him such a blow on the head that his skull was crushed like an eggshell.

"That means the end of you, your majesty," snarled the jackal in the next cage.

"It would, old night prowler, if I were a mere man," replied the lion. Hissing a bloody paw, "but you forget that I cost \$5,000."

The surviving keeper came, soothed the costly creature with a quarter of fresh beef and hastily removed the body of their mate from the cage.—New York Post.

Nuts as Food.

A judicious use of nuts has cured cases of indigestion by relieving the constipation which was the cause. Nuts and pine kernels particularly are rich in natural oil which gives warmth, keeps the digestive system clear and does much toward making the skin clear and healthy. Weight for weight nuts contain actually far more protein than bread. They are a safe food for all who have a tendency toward any form of rheumatism, and they are also beneficial in cases of mental strata and general "nerves."

He Doing.

"His wife made a fool of him." "What reason have you for saying that?"

"I have my own word for it."

"Get out!"

"I have. He says that all he is bound to his wife."—Houston Post.

Might Have Helped.

"We were traveling all day in the teeth of the gale."

"Pity you didn't have a dentist."

"What for?"

"To draw the teeth."

Honesty.

He who prides freely what he means to purchase and be who enumerates the faults of what he means to sell may set up a partnership with honesty.

Seemed All Right.

"Mamma, why don't you want me to play with that Dodge boy?"

"Because, dear, I know the family."

"He hasn't good blood in him."

"Why, mamma, he's been vaccinated twice, and it wouldn't take either him."

Safety First.

When you turn over a new leaf paste it down.—Puck.

WAY OF A TRAIN IN SPAIN.

Even the Expresses Creep Along as Though They Were Weary.

The train this morning is cotted (express), but everything is so slow that you feel no more hurried than the train and rather enjoy its ways. It trudges into the station quietly and carefully, as if to fear that some one might have laid one of those numerous blue Spanish oxen on the track and it might get broken in a too reckless approach. Sometimes—but this doesn't happen frequently—it strolls up when he has to one of the smallest of the multitudinous stations and meanders by without stopping, as if exhausted or afraid.

When it does come to a standstill it haltslessly slides back a bit and then slides forward a bit and then rights itself once more and then straightens up with a jerk, as if it were tired and its muscles not obedient to will. Then for a few moments every one cautiously waits to see what further it intends.

About the time it is thoroughly stopped takes one pull at the cord attached to the tongue of the station bell and gives three signals to let the passengers and any one else who may be interested know that the train has officially arrived, and a station employee calls out, "Buenos dias, ochenta y cuatro" meaning that there will be eight minutes of waiting. —Granada to Almeria.

ROYAL ETIQUETTE IN JAPAN.

A Member of the Imperial Family Can Die Only in Tokyo.

Surely there never was a more grim journey made than that of the younger empress of Japan when she came for the last time to Tokyo.

She had died in her palace in the country. But the Japanese hold that a member of the imperial family can die nowhere except in Tokyo. Therefore the dead empress, theoretically at least, journeyed from her country place to the palace in Tokyo with all the ceremonial that attended her movements when living.

She traveled in the royal railway car and was driven through the streets to the palace in a costly carriage with the blinds closely drawn. The ministers and high state officials who greeted her on her past arrivals in the capital were at the station as usual and showed in no way that on this occasion they were meeting the corpse of the empress.

Troops lined the streets and presented arms as she passed. Only the great crowds in the streets, standing in silence instead of loudly cheering, betrayed the fact that the imperial carriage contained a dead woman.—New York Sun.

Willing Himself Well.

An interesting example of a man willing himself well is that of "Original" Walker. The thing was the work of a moment. He had been reading Cicero's "De Oratore" and some passage suggested to him the expediency of making the improvement of his health his study. "I rose from my book," he writes, "stood bolt upright and determined to be well. In pursuance of my resolution I tried many extremes, was guilty of many absurdities and committed many errors, and the remonstrances and ridicule of those around me, I persevered, nevertheless, and it is now, I believe, full sixteen years since I have had any medical advice or taken any medicine or anything whatever by way of medicine."—London Chronicle.

Swam Too Long.

The attorneys for the prosecution and defense had allowed fifteen minutes each to argue the case. The attorney for the defense had commended his argument with an allusion to the swimming hole of his boyhood days.

He told in flowing oratory of the balmy air, the singing birds, the joy of youth, the delights of the cool water. And in the midst of it he was interrupted by the drawing voice of the judge. "Come out, Chawney," he said, "and put on your clothes. You're fifteen minutes late."

New York's Public Schools.

Public education in New York city began with the founding of the Free School society in 1843. The society started in a small way, depending for a time upon public subscription. By an act of the legislature in 1852 the board of education was established. The Free School society continued to conduct its schools until 1852, when, by mutual consent, they were all taken over by the board.—New York American.

Nuts as Food.

A judicious use of nuts has cured cases of indigestion by relieving the constipation which was the cause. Nuts and pine kernels particularly are rich in natural oil which gives warmth, keeps the digestive system clear and does much toward making the skin clear and healthy. Weight for weight nuts contain actually far more protein than bread. They are a safe food for all who have a tendency toward any form of rheumatism, and they are also beneficial in cases of mental strata and general "nerves."

Old Hickory.

The following story is told of how General Andrew Jackson got his title of "Old Hickory." Captain William Allen, who was a near neighbor of the general, messaged with him during the Creek war. During the campaign the soldiers were moving rapidly to surprise the Indians and were without tents. A cold March wind came on, mingled with sleet, which lasted for several days. General Jackson got a severe cold, but did not complain, as he tried to sleep in a muddy bottom among his half frozen soldiers. Captain Allen and his brother, John, cut down a stout hickory tree, peeled off the bark and made a covering for the general, who was with difficulty persuaded to crawl under it. The next morning a drunken citizen entered the camp and, seeing the tent, kicked it over. As Jackson crawled from the ruins the toper cried: "Hello, Old Hickory! Come out of your bark and fine us a drink."

London Standard.

Like a Miserly Moving Picture. Baker—People who have been near drowning say that in an instant all the events of their past lives are presented to their mental vision. Baker—I don't believe it. Baker—Why not? Baker—if it were true they wouldn't allow themselves to be rescued.—Life.

The Attraction.

"You say you are in love with Miss Bagster?"

"I sure am."

"But I can't see anything attractive about her."

"Neither can I see it. But it's in the bank, all right!"—Cleveland Leader.

One View of Marriage.

Every man who marries is like the dog who weds the Adriatic sea. He knows not what he may find there—treasure, pearls, monsters, unknown stories.—Heinrich Heine.

First Aid.

"A woman can be just as self-reliant and independent as a man," said Mrs. Elson defiantly.

"Weber she can. Louisa, maybe she can," said her husband, "but not while she wears frocks that hook up the back!"—London Telegraph.

Safety First.

When you turn over a new leaf paste it down.—Puck.

CUT THE ARMY RED TAPE.

Willie Knows His Man and They Know Him and That Betrifit It.

There are times when the so-called "red tape" of the army gives way under the stress of circumstances. At the battle of Chickamauga General Willich, who was commanding a brigade, incurred the displeasure of General Rosecrans, the commanding general, by some slight omission. General Willich was sent for and informed by the general commanding that he must consider himself under arrest for the present.

"You may leave your sword here," added Rosecrans, "until your case is tried."

"Yes, general, I will consider myself under arrest," was the reply, "and just as soon as this engagement is over, I'll come and fix up the matter."

"But, sir," said the astounded Rosecrans, "I want you to consider your self under arrest now."

"Of course I do," responded Willich promptly, "and just as soon as this fight is over I'll see that the matter is arranged."

"But, sir," expostulated the commanding general, "I can't let you go into this fight. You are under arrest. I will assign an officer to your brigade."

"You send an officer to command my boys," cried Willich indignantly. "He can't command them. They don't know him. They know me—I can teach them. None of my boys would know how to fight or what to do unless I was with them. My boys belong to me. Yes, sir, General Willich, I command this brigade, and I must fight the brigadier!"

General Rosecrans gave it up. General Willich was requested to return "and fight his boys," which he did most successfully. And that was the end of the matter.—Washington Star.

BECOMING A BRITON.

Easy For Aliens to Acquire Citizenship in England.

A large number of aliens become British subjects every year by taking advantage of the naturalization act. The process of taking out naturalization papers in England is delightfully simple. An application can be put through in a couple of weeks if good and sufficient reasons can be shown, while the average time elapsing between application for a certificate of naturalization and the granting of permission to file the oath of allegiance to the king with the home office, which automatically confers British citizenship, is only about eight weeks.

The naturalization act of 1870 requires that the applicant shall have resided in the United Kingdom at least five years and shall intend, when untried, to continue to reside here.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department following rules must be absolutely observed. 1. Name and date must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. State the question in detail, with the paper on which it appears. 4. Name and date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 5. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must bear the blank stamped envelope, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to Mrs. E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Room, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1914.

NOTES.

Rhode Island Chronology, by John Barber, Esq. Taken from manuscript of Dr. Henry E. Turner, now in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T.

1794. Greene, Ray, Esq., appointed District Attorney, Vice W. Channing, Deed.

1794. Greene, Ray, Esq., Samuel Eddy, and Henry Ward, Committee for revision of laws.

1794. Greene, Hon. Caleb, of Coventry, Judge Supreme Court, died in January, at an advanced age.

1797. Gibbs, John, of George, killed by accidental discharge of a fowling piece, a brother of Gov. Wm. C.

1798. Gaol. A new, ordered to be built in Providence.

1798. Greene, Hon. Ray, elected Senator in Congress, for 6 years.

1798. Goat Island. Vote to convey to the United States, Oct. 31.

1800. Gibbons, Hon. Wm. of Georgia, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Ga., died at Newport, Sept. 27.

1801. Greene, Hon. Ray, appointed District Judge, Vice Judge Bowen, Prom.

1801. Oct. 16. Geoffroy Letters. The, appeared, charged by Hon. Christopher Ellery, with having been written by Hon. Mr. Rutledge of S. C., which he denied; they were addressed to Senator Jefferson.

1801. Dec. Mr. Rutledge challenged Mr. Ellery to fight, which he declining. Mr. Rutledge pulled his ears and nose in Placentia, in Maryland.

1802. Grimes. Capt. John, Commander of a Privateer in the Revolution, died at Jamaica, Sept.

(To be continued.)

SCOTT.—Will of Edward Scott, of Newport, Esq.

Sister Elizabeth Rodman of Flushing, Sister Katharine, wife of Godfrey Malbone.

Three nieces, Elizabeth, wife of James Honeyman, Penelope, wife of Wm. Coddington, & Mary Wickham, widow.

Nephew John Scott, son of bro. Geo. dec.

Nephew Geo. Scott, son of bro. Joseph dec.

Nephew Joseph Scott, son of bro. Joseph dec.

Niece Eliz. Scott, dau. of bro. Geo. Scott.

Edward Brown Brenton son of James Brenton of Halifax, U. S. and his wife Rebecca dec., who was dau. of my ad. bro. Geo.

Nieces Eliz. Scott, and Sarah Scott, dau. of bro. Joseph Scott.

Jonathan Thurston, Joseph Thurston & Eliz. Thurston, ch. of Jonathan Thurston & wife Ruth, who was my niece—(both dec.)

Nov. 12, 1767.

July 5, 1768.

Edward Scott died, June 30, 1708, ag. 65, and is buried in the Common Ground, E. M. T.

Queries.

7895. HAZARD.—Has any one found information concerning one Daniel Hazard, to whom was presented a sword at the time of the battle of Lake Champlain? It has on its blade the following inscription: "Daniel Hazard, Sailing Master, Lake Champlain, 11th. Sept. 1814. Atius ibunt ad summum nuntur." In 1879, Gov. Charles Van Zandt received a letter from New Orleans, saying that the sword was there, and adding "Should you, on inquiry, find that this sword has any historical value to your State, as I believe it has, I will be pleased to hold the same subject to your order." Apparently, Gov. Van Zandt found nothing concerning it as the sword is now in New York, and the owner intends to present it to an Erie, Penn., hotel. Can any one help to identify the sword, and thus possibly furnish a reason for securing it for Newport?—E. M. T.

7896. CARR.—Who were the parents and grandparents of Deborah Carr, who married John Greene of Warwick, R. I. He was born 1851. Would like the vital dates, if any are known, of the Carrs.—W. W.

7897. RICE.—Who were the parents and grandparents of John Rice, who married Elizur Whipple (3) (John 2-1) of Warwick, R. I. Also vital dates.—W. W.

7898. CHARTER.—Who was the William Charter, of Newport, who was there in 1705, with wife Ann? Had he anything to do with William Chester?—F. D. C.

7899. TALLMAN.—Would like complete record of Darius Tallman, son of Peter, also of his son Brittain. Peter was the first of the family in Rhode Island.—E. J. M.

7900. POTTER.—Jacob (3) Potter, of Dartmouth, Mass., son of Nathaniel (2) and Elizabeth Stokes Potter, married Eleanor. What is his pedigree?—J. Le B. W.

7901. DAVENPORT.—Eliphilet Davenport, of Little Compton, married Anne Devol, 3d. March, 1740; and John (3) Mosher of Dartmouth, married 19th. January, 1730, Hannah Devol. Want the pedigree of the wives.—J. Le B. W.

7902. RUSSELL.—Joseph (3) of Dartmouth, married about 1677, Elizabeth. Who was she?—J. Le B. W.

7903. GARDNER.—Samuel (3) Gardner of Newport, born 28th. October, 1855, married Hannah. Who was she?—J. Le B. W.

Newport the Invisible.

(By Harrison Rhodes.)

Newport is our greatest invention in watering places. There is nothing at all like it anywhere else in the world. At first glance Coney Island would appear to many people more characteristically American, and Newport, indeed, a mere snobbish imitation of Europe. But if there is anything like Newport in Europe it has escaped at least the present writer's notice, whereas something very like the admirable Coney he could duplicate in several quarters of the globe. Newport is the only watering place in the world where there are no hotels and no hotel life, no fashionable promenade, no scene of gayety accessible to the stranger for an admission fee. On ordinary mornings the tourist penetrating the Casino might see a few young people in flannels playing tennis, and a scant dozen of their elders dropping in for a moment to say good morning, or to deliver some message. He might with extra good luck observe one of the queens of fashion drinking an orangeade. That would be with the single exception of tennis week, about all he would observe. He would, of course, be free to walk the weary length of Bellevue avenue between clipped green hedges, and see the pleasant Newport houses—only a few of them "palaces." But nobody would be stirring in the houses and no one walking in the avenue. An occasional motor would roll by, that is all. He could also take that pretty walk along the cliffs and see more pleasant houses—still only a few of them "palaces." He might, if the fates so incline, perhaps see a fashionable footman at the window; he could scarcely hope for the butler. He could see the avenue whirling at half past 8, the dinner hour. And strolling through the night he might here and there observe lines of motors waiting under the shadowy trees, and even hear dance music heating in the calm, soft darkness. Newport presents, in fact, a singular impression of quietness, of distinction, and an existence not wholly in the public eye.

A Blessing.

Walter Damroch, the musician, has a horror of the crude musical amateur.

At a luncheon in New York, Mr. Damroch said politely to an old lady:

"Your daughter doesn't sing any more?"

"No," said the old lady. "Since the birth of her two little girls Mary has been so occupied that she's had to give up singing."

Mr. Damroch sighed.

"After all," he said, "children are a great blessing, aren't they?"—Washington Star.

"RIVER OF DOUBT" KNOWN FOR CENTURY

Explorer Millward Declares It to Be the Rio Canuman.

Russell H. Millward, back in New York after a tramp of 874 miles in uncharted parts of South America, came laden with large collections for the museum of natural history, the Zoological society and numerous archaeological, ethnological and anthropological organizations with which he is connected.

Millward also brought back a strong conviction that Theodore Roosevelt's "River of Doubt" has been known to school children in Europe and South America as the Rio Canuman, and that for over a century it has been well known as one of the important tributaries of the Madre de Dios river.

"I do not think the colonel looked for that river on the maps with the microscopic vision of an analytical mind," said Millward.

MME. CAILLAUX FREED

Sensational Trial of Woman Ends Amid Great Tumult

Mme. Henriette Caillaux was acquitted by a jury at Paris of the wilful murder of Gaston Calmette, editor of *Le Figaro*. The jury brought in its verdict after fifty minutes' deliberation and the announcement was followed by the wildest tumult.

Mme. Caillaux tottered and fell upon the neck of her counsel, Fernand Labori, and embraced him. Her hair was undone and fell over her shoulders; her hat dropped to the floor. The spectators stood upon desks and chairs. "Caillaux! Labori!" and cries of "Caillaux, assassin!" merged into one.

The din was deafening. Several groups of barristers came to blows and the Republican Guards, in an endeavor to separate them, joined in the melee.

Marines Sent to Cuba

The transport Hancock sailed from Norfolk for Guantanamo, Cuba, with 100 marines to add to the force mobilized there for possible developments in Haiti.

"Meet me at Barneys"

Taken in Exchange

A HALLETT & DAVIS

UPRIGHT PIANO

This piano has been put through our shop and is equal to new and fully guaranteed, price

\$250

It is worth your while to see them.

BARNEY'S

Music Store.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, Aug. 1, 1914.
THE UNDETERMINED Executor of the ESTATE of Wm. Townsend, of Newport, deceased, which will be determined by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, hereby gives notice that she is accepted and has been given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file same in the office of the Clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement herein.

ROSE BEHRMAN.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, July 27th, 1914.

Exhibit of Robert E. Shae.

PETITION is filed by Mary Alice Shae, of said Newport, praying for reasons the relation of which she, or some other suitable person, may be appointed guardian of the person and estate of Robert E. Shae, a person of full age, of Newport, and said petition is received and referred to the seventeenth day of August, 1914, at ten o'clock a. m., in the Probate Court Room in Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury, citation having been served according to law.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, July 27th, 1914.

Exhibit of Clara F. Townsend.

SALMON W. BAVIS, Executor of the Will of Clara F. Townsend, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account shows distribution in accordance with the terms of the Will; and the same is received and referred to the 10th day of August, 1914, at ten o'clock a. m., in the Probate Court Room in Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, July 27th, 1914.

Exhibit of Robert E. Shae.

PETITION is filed by Mary Alice Shae, of said Newport, praying for reasons the relation of which she, or some other suitable person, may be appointed guardian of the person and estate of Robert E. Shae, a person of full age, of Newport, and said petition is received and referred to the 17th day of August, 1914, at ten o'clock a. m., in the Probate Court Room in Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

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